

# The Herald and News.

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## A WHISTLER PICTURE.

The Dramatic Manner of Its Finish and an Anticlimax.

Whistler was one day visited by a foreign artist, an old acquaintance, with whom Whistler had not as yet quarreled. He was received with genuine cordiality, and, artist-like, he ran round the studio looking at everything. One small picture seemed to charm him especially, and he said, "Now that is one of your good ones." "Don't look at it, dear boy," said Whistler airily, "it's not finished." "Finished!" said the visitor. "Why, it is the most carefully finished picture of yours that I have ever seen." "Don't look at it!" persisted Whistler. "You are doing injustice to yourself, you are doing injustice to my picture, and you are doing injustice to me!" The visitor looked bewildered, when Whistler, in a theatrical tone, cried out: "Stop! I'll finish it now!" Then he procured a very small camel's hair brush, fixed it on a long and slender handle, mixed a little speck of paint on his palette, dipped the tip of his brush into it, and then, standing off from his picture and with the action of a fencer with his rapier, he lunged forward and touched the picture in one spot with his pigment. "Now it's finished," said he. "Now you may look at it." This was all highly dramatic, and indeed very well acted, but, as in the case of some stage plays, the final act of Whistler's performance proved to be an anticlimax. The foreign artist took his leave, but, finding that he had left his umbrella behind him, called for it next day. The servant, recognizing him, told him that Mr. Whistler had gone out for the day, but invited him to go to the studio and seek his umbrella. He went there and found it, but also took the opportunity of having one more look at the picture which had been "finished" for his special benefit the day before, and then he saw that the little dab of wet paint which Whistler had so dramatically put on he had afterward scrupulously wiped off again!—Frederick Keppel in The Reader.

## Hidden Water Supply.

The investigation of a neglected spring or rivulet may bring to light a valuable supply of water for gardening or domestic purposes. A surprising quantity is often obtainable by installing a ram at some seemingly insignificant source. A ram is cheap, because the first expense is the last, there being no cost of maintenance, and it is satisfactory, because the ram requires no attention. Once started, it takes entire care of itself.—Country Life in America.

## CURED BY SARCASM.

A Lesson in the Use of Simple Terms in Letter Writing.

A few months ago the son of a railway director was through his father's influence given a position of some importance on a large railway. He was fresh from Cambridge, and in the orders which he from time to time issued to the men under him always made use of the longest, most unusual words. This habit led to some rather expensive blunders, and, the matter coming before the general manager, he wrote the young official the following letter:

"In promulgating your esoteric cogitations and in articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable philosophical or psychological observations beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communication possess a clarified conciseness, a compacted comprehensibility, a coalescent consistency and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomeration of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affectation. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and voracious vivacity, without the domontade or thrasonical bombast. Modestly avoid all polysyllabic profundity, ventriloquial verbosity and vaniloquent vapidity. Shun double entendre, prurient jocosity and pestiferous profanity, obscure or apparent in other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, purely and truthfully. Don't put on airs; say what you mean; mean what you say, and don't use big words."

The young official took the gentle hint and changed his style.—London Tit-Bits.

## Pointed Paragraphs.

A man has to use a magnifying glass to see his own faults.

## Gauging The Tea.

A belated society tale goes backward to the season when Harry Lehr was courting the lady who is now his wife, says the New York Times.

One day Mrs. Dahlgren accidentally dropped a ten-dollar bill into a tean urn which had just undergone inspection in anticipation of coming guests. When these guests arrived Mr. Lehr was among them. The hostess had forgotten her bank note in the urn, and innocently brewed her tea. All noted the peculiar flavor, but drank it bravely. The cause of their secret mystification might have gone politely undiscovered had not the hostess proceeded to give a lecture on the subject of brewing tea. She removed the lid of the urn to illustrate her point and revealed not tea leaves, but a ten dollar bill. She was appalled. The urn and all the cups were sent away. She made profuse apologies and insisted upon serving each of her visitors with a fresh cup when the new supply appeared. When it came the turn of Mr. Lehr she asked:

"How will you have it? Strong?" "Not quite so strong as the last," replied Mr. Lehr. "Make it \$9.75, please."

## Secrets of Success.

Be up to date, said the calendar. Do business on tick, said the clock. Never lose your head, said the barrel.

Never do anything offhand, said the glove.

Doing a driving business, said the hammer.

Be sharp in all your dealings, said the knife.

Trust to your stars for success, said the night.

Spend much time in reflection, said the mirror.

Make much of small things, said the microscope.

Strive to make a good impression, said the seal.

Find a good thing and stick to it, said the glue.

Turn all things to your advantage, said the lathe.

## Securing a Client.

A prominent politician of this city, who has known Judge Parker since his early boyhood, told a story at the Hoffman House the other night of the man who seems likely to be the democratic standard-bearer in the coming presidential campaign, says the New York Globe.

"It was at the beginning of Judge Parker's career as a lawyer in Kingston, a few months after he had hung out his shingle. Cases for him were then coming in few and far between and he seldom left his one-room office during the greater part of the day, except for his meals, for fear a client might pop in and find him out. One day, however, as he was out eating his noonday lunch in a little restaurant he patronized across the street from his office, he was surprised by the sudden appearance of his office boy, who was looking very excited.

"A gentleman is at the office with a case for you, sir," the boy gasped.

"Did you tell him to wait?" asked Parker, grabbing his hat and bounding out of the restaurant, leaving half his lunch.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, rushing out with him. "He can't get out, either, sir. I've locked him in."

"Truth," remarked the moralizer, "is stranger than fiction."

"Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "and the majority of men seem to be shy of associating with strangers."—Chicago News.

Small Harry—Mamma, what is the meaning of heredity?

Mamma—It is something you get from your papa or me.

Small Harry—Oh, you mean a spankin'.

## Start of An Iowa Lawyer.

An Iowa lawyer tells the following story of his first months of practice, says the Green Bag. He went to a small town and secured an office room, in front of which was placed the usual sign. Then he sat down and waited for his clients to appear, all the while feeling very much the dignity of his position. The day passed and no one called, and another, and another, until weeks went by, and still there had been no client.

One morning, however, he was at the depot to attend upon the arrival of the daily accommodation train, quite an important function of the town, when a handsome, well dressed young lady approached and inquired "Is this Mr. Smith?" At once the feeling of importance returned and in his blandest tone he replied: "It is madam. What can I do for you?"

"Can you tell me how much it will cost to send a sow and pigs down to the next station?"

## Pennsylvania Witch Doctors.

American Medicine.

Many would be surprised to learn that a very genuine and active relic of the belief in witchcraft still exists. "Hexerei" is today such a living nuisance throughout the number of counties of Pennsylvania that a determined effort, it is said, is to be made by the state medical board to uproot it. The duty has been too long postponed, and if it is thoroughly done there will be saved many lives and much suffering on the part of the victims—often children—of this medical superstition.

Charms, incantations, doctors for milk-souring and hocus-pocus of strange varieties, doctors and remedies for hysterics, colds, hemorrhages, pains, toothaches, whooping-cough, hair-growing and hair-destroying, for cuts, burns, wounds, sprains, etc., abound among these devotees and "pow-wow" curers. Their Bible is an ech of middle age nonsense, of which these are samples:

To banish whooping-cough cut out three small bunches of hair from the crown of the head of a child that has never seen its father; sew this up in an unbleached rag, and hang it around the person's neck.

If you burn a large frog to ashes and mix the ashes with water you will obtain an ointment that will, if put in place with hair, destroy it and prevent it from growing again.

The medical men who have undertaken the cure of this disease deserve all encouragement and help.

Tommy, aged five, was a very sympathetic little fellow. One day upon his return home from a visit to an animal show he found his mother suffering from a severe case of throat trouble.

"I'm awfully sorry for you, mamma," he said, "but I'm glad you ain't a giraffe."—Chicago News.

No. 6994.

## Treasury Department

Office of Comptroller of the Currency.

Washington, D. C., October 12, 1903.

WHEREAS, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that "The People's National Bank of Prosperity," located in the Town of Prosperity, in the County of Newberry, and State of South Carolina, has complied with all the provisions of the Statutes of the United States, required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of Banking;

Now, therefore, I, Thomas P. Kane, Deputy and Acting Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "The People's National Bank of Prosperity," located in the Town of Prosperity, in the County of Newberry, and State of South Carolina, is authorized to commence the business of Banking as provided in Section Fifty-one hundred and sixty-nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

In testimony whereof witness my hand [L.S.] and Seal of office this Twelfth day of October, 1903.

T. P. KANE, Deputy and Acting Comptroller of the Currency.

## FATHER AND SON CURED

Col. C. E. Updegraff, of Reading, Pa., Was Cured of Chronic Stomach Trouble, and His Son of Bronchitis, by

## DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY

The Colonel and His Son Are Well Known and Respected Business Men of Pennsylvania—Men Whose Word Carries Weight Wherever They Are Known.



COL. C. E. UPDEGRAFF.



C. E. UPDEGRAFF, JR.

Both Heartily Recommend Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey, Which Brought Them Health After Years of Suffering.

### The Colonel's Letter.

"It gives me great pleasure to state that I have just recovered from a severe attack of chronic Gastritis. Nothing could be retained on my stomach during my illness. Not over milk. I was reduced from 185 lbs. to 145 in 7 weeks. Nothing did me any good. My son insisted that I should try Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey, which had cured him. It stayed on my stomach, and I was able to take a little milk with it. It acted like magic, and in a few weeks I was able to take solid food without distress. I soon regained my weight, my stomach is sound, my general health was never better. And I owe my cure to Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey."

C. E. UPDEGRAFF, 30 S. 4th St.

### From the Son.

Mr. C. E. Updegraff, Jr., is of the firm of Updegraff & Brownell, proprietors and managers of the New Bijou Theatre at Reading, and of numerous other enterprises. He says of Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey:

"For years I suffered from a bronchial affection. Nothing the doctors gave me seemed to do any good, and it kept getting worse. Finally one of the doctors advised me to try Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey, which he had used for years in his practice. My throat commenced to heal at once, my cough grew better, and to-day I am completely cured, a picture of robust, rugged health. I cheerfully recommend Duffy's to all my friends."

## THEIR ONLY MEDICINE

No medicine in the world can show a larger list of actual cures than Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey—over 4,000,000 complete cures in 50 years. Lots of so-called "cures" make you feel better for a while but the effect soon passes off. Duffy's actually and positively cures you. 7,000 doctors prescribe it and 2,000 hospitals use it exclusively.

Duffy's alone will cure you and keep you well.

It is scientifically distilled from carefully selected malt, and is guaranteed absolutely free from fusel oil, so generally found in other whiskies.

It begins by killing the disease germs and driving them out of the system. Then it allays all inflammation, replaces the diseased tissues, enriches and purifies the blood, and strengthens the circulation. It tones up the heart's action, quiets the nerves, and



brings to the cheek the glow of perfect health.

Duffy's cures bronchitis, consumption, catarrh, grip, pneumonia, and all throat and lung troubles; gastritis, indigestion, belching, dyspepsia, and all stomach diseases; malaria, neuralgic fevers. And it does it all in a quiet, easy, natural manner, without leaving any disease combinations behind it. It is the only whiskey recognized by the Government as a medicine, which is of itself a strong guarantee.

**CAUTION.**—When you ask for Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey be sure you get the genuine. Unscrupulous dealers, mindful of the excellence of this preparation, will try to sell you cheap imitations and malt whiskey substitutes, which are put on the market for profit only, and which, far from relieving the sick, are positively harmful. Demand "Duffy's" and be sure you get it. It is the only absolutely pure Malt Whiskey which contains medicinal, health-giving qualities. Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey is sold in sealed bottles only; never in flask or bulk. Look for the trade-mark, the "Old Chemist," on the label, and be certain the seal over the cork is unbroken. Beware of refilled bottles.

Sold by all druggists and grocers or direct, \$1.00 a bottle. Medical booklet free. Duffy Malt Whiskey Co., Rochester, New York.

# PALMATINA

## The Vegetable Fat

Superior to all others

It is sold everywhere

WILSON CO. SAVANNAH GA.